





d moralized troops after the Republican Waterloo of the Goldwater folly and, as far as any man had held the party together, it was he. To have a highly intelligent "pro" carrying on the main job of the Leader of the Opposition was a welcome change after the slackness of the Eisenhower years and the Gadenre rush of the Goldwater year. Mr. Nixon barred nobody. He fought Nelson Rockefeller for the nomination but did not excommunicate him, and he employed some of the Goldwater team as well as some of the most contemptuous enemies of the leader of the haptic right. (It is a mark of the present instability of American party and ideological groupings that, since Mr. White wrote his book, the most disastrously candid ideologue of the Goldwater staff, Mr. Karl Hess, has turned sharply to the left.)

It is now difficult to believe—and away from Miami Beach, it was difficult to believe in the summer of 1968—that any candidate could have topped Mr. Nixon, or that any hieking combination of Governor Nelson Rockefeller and Governor Ronald Reagan could have seriously threatened the Nixon triumph. But Mr. White confirms the judgment of other spectators or actors, that it might have been done, possibly because he and others felt that there was none of the possibly irrational love and devotion that, in different ways, Adlai Stevenson and Barry Goldwater had evoked, working for that notably cool operator, Richard Nixon. But fate had worked for Mr. Nixon. The fumbling efforts of Governor Romney plus the abandonment of the field, for a time that was to be short but yet to prove fatal in the hopes of Governor Nelson Rockefeller, worked to secure a Nixon victory and "the South" at a price that may prove excessive, for Richard Nixon was saved from a clean sweep by Governor Wallace. (Mr. White seems to think that the press was unduly hard on Governor Romney's admission of "brainwashing" by the Pentagon. It is hard to see why, nor was Governor Romney's admission basically discreditable to him. Have we not just seen one of the two most eminent elder statesmen of the Democratic Party, Mr. Dean Acheson, defend Governor Romney's honest indiscretion and wonder, in public, if he had not been brainwashed into accepting a "hawkish" position, with far less excuse than the internationally inea-



Richard Nixon speaking at Los Angeles on October 9, 1968, during his pre-election tour of Southern California.



perienced Governor of Michigan.) All the account of this part of the Nixon pre-convention campaign is masterly and will remain an historical document of great value long after the topical impact is lost.

The account of the unhappy Democrats is less valuable although of great utility. It is perhaps worth speculating why Mr. White, in 1960, was a brilliant freelance. Mr. White in 1968 is an institution. He is a kind of historiographer-royal accompanying the future king on his progress to the throne, rather like, to be possibly too fanciful, Racine accompanying Louis XIV on a campaign of set-up sieges.

This position paid off well in all Mr. White's dealings with Mr. Nixon. For Mr. Nixon knew that his place in current history, perhaps in history, would depend a good deal on the account given by Mr. White. But there are drawbacks to be set against the advantages. No political leader really unveils the *arcana imperii* to the most intelligent listener or questioner. Of course, as Lord Bowen once put it, "truth will out even in an affidavit". But Mr. Nixon (or Mr. White) gives interviews for his benefit, not for the benefit of the most eminent reporter (and Mr. White coyly avoids "I", describing himself as "this reporter"). It is the universal experience of reporters and historians—that they will get, within twenty-four hours of a great event, conflicting witnesses, honestly contradicting each other. Mr. White is too intelligent to be sold a bill of goods" but he may have been dazed a little by the heady air of the high places.

The reverse of this can be seen in Mr. White's account of the civil wars

and suicidal quarrels of the Democrats. Perhaps the real maker of the extraordinary campaign of 1968 was neither Senator McCarthy nor General Giap, but General Westmoreland. After the Tet offensive, the famous credibility gap was as wide as the Grand Canyon. For the American people, getting more and more sceptical, "it was never bright confident morning again". Senator McCarthy was the giant killer but the giant had already revealed his feet of clay when President Johnson put a bold face on things while he digested, in private, the gloomy news from Saigon before the storm broke, and possibly when he realized that he had presented to Congress an about to be conquering hero, a general who recalled not Grant after Appomattox as much as John Pope before Second Manassas.

Compared to the account of the rise and fall of various Democratic leaders is brilliant in parts, but much less living and less impressive. Mr. White called his remarkable novel on the fall of a great publishing house *The View from the Fortieth Floor*. A good deal of this book is a view from the top. There is curiously little living detail about the man in the street or even in the Convention Hall. There is curiously little about the personal impression made by the candidates on the working press to which Mr. White in 1968 still half-belonged. The able reporting teams of the British press, the reporters from *The Sunday Times* and the *Daily Mail*, for instance, began to get tired and irritated by the aloofness, moral and intellectual arrogance and, some would have said, the laziness of Gene McCarthy. When Robert Ken-

nedy took the field, original hostility often melted, especially in face of the evidence that the only candidate who touched the hearts and inspired the hopes of the poor and dispossessed was the allegedly ruthless if not heartless Robert Kennedy. This charismatic appeal did not endear Kennedy to the leaders of either party. One of Hubert Humphrey's troubles was that, with the murder of Kennedy, the money promised while the main aim was not to beat Nixon but to "stop Bobby" dried up—a phenomenon that Mr. White alludes to, but does not stress quite hard enough.

It is revealing that Mr. White could not bear to study the Wallace phenomenon for any length of time. He could understand, intellectually, the fears and hates and hopes that inspired the "white backlash"; but he may well have underrated the force of Wallace's own personality. Some British reporters found George Wallace, off the record, far more candid, amusing, unpretentious, less a prisoner of his own past than they had expected, and more attractive as a man than the Cato-like figure of Senator McCarthy. Perhaps Robert Kennedy and George Wallace had more in common than their political stances would suggest? In 1936, one of the great strengths of F.D.R. was the belief among the poor that "he cares for us". Very different groups of the poor felt that Robert Kennedy and George Wallace cared for them, and it is not unlikely that many supporters of Wallace in the North came from disillusioned poor whites who yet had faith in Kennedy, only Kennedy.

The shambles at Chicago shocked Mr. White, but the most odious episode, the assault of Mayor

Daley's S.S. men took place ally, far below Mr. White and Humphrey. Only Gene McCarthy was on the spot protecting his ren from the enraged and professionally demoralized "fuzz". White blames the bad "line" acquired by the Chicago press largely on television and on a peculiar technical circumstance: Chicago where strikes made visual reporting impossible. It suggests (he might have put it strongly) that television looks to provoke vivid images and is a proof that it can lie beyond the resources of a mere newspaper camera. Although Mr. White's own qualifications as a teleoperator, he is most definitely a McArthur man. Print is his medium.

What the realities of television the working level were—and a he—is made plain in Mr. White's sour, intelligent, amusing revealing book. The television edition of Richard Milhous Nixon 1968 was not the hit or miss affair 1960 and the disastrous collection with John Fitzgerald Kennedy. It was not a matter of a "five o'clock shadow". It was a package job, and the attitudes of the television technicians, "selling" a candidate a few or no ideological preposers is most valuable. It is an anecdotal world in which the French "hinky dink" is "hinky dink" in which professional preposers (or cynicism) is as natural as a in the old-fashioned reporter whom Mr. Nixon used to get to

were violently and credulously partisan. They were planning how to exploit a landslide while more neutral observers were noting the slow, perhaps even the ebbs of the tide. Then there were the old-fashioned professional politicians who did not learn much, and amateur politicians, like Mr. Mitchell (now Attorney-General of the United States) who had learnt nothing. What slowly, and with an alarming speed, shook the complacency of the Republican high command was the rallying of the demoralized and bitterly divided Democrats. Faced with the prospect of a Republican victory, the troops rallied as they had done when Sherman rode on to the battlefield in 1864. The calculation recently too candidly exposed by Mr. Kevin White, at the moment still on the White House staff) that Mr. Nixon should write off the Blacks, the poor, in general, the union members, the despairing "liberals", was now acquiring a grisly resemblance to the complacent security of Governor Devey in 1948. And if Mr. Humphrey was not quite Mr. Truman, after a start which was, for incompetence, rivalled only by the Henry Wallace campaign of 1948, he was a rallying point if not a born leader. Not only the Blacks but so many of the Whites remembered Hoover, the J. Edgar Act—and the labour record of Governor Wallace in Alabama. The Unions "threw in the towel" with better fortune than Napoleon had at Waterloo. For a moment there was danger of what old American politicians call a "turnback", a damaging last minute tumour, this time provoked by one of those disastrous Asiatic female maneuvers in American politics. Mr. Chenault.

Mr. Nixon just made it, although a breakdown of the results shows

## Jimmy Knacker

ONA and PETER OPIE. *Children's Games in Street and Playground*. 371pp. Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press. £2.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Opie have made yet another enormously successful and rewarding expedition into the largely uncharted territory of the young. Most adults will find that it is a territory they once knew but have half, or more than half, forgotten. Forgetting begins at a very early age. "When a child enters his teens", say the authors,

he may, as part of the process of growing up, actually lose his recollection of sports that used to mean so much to him. . . . Fourteen-year-olds, reared in the street, from whom we wanted further information about a game they had showed us proudly a year before, had listened to our queries with blank incomprehension.

If in their earlier volumes Mr. and Mrs. Opie were literary historians, in this one they are anthropologists, recording customs and behaviour rather than the unwritten literature of rhyme and riddle. The one time in these games when words really matter—since singing games are left to a later volume—is in the business of counting out, or, as it is now called, "dipping", to see who is to be "he" or "it" or "on" or "no it", according to the district where he lives. There are a vast number of dips which seem, on the whole, to change less quickly than the popular rhymes of the playground and to show a greater respect for tradition. It is easy to see why, for novelty, smartness, topicality or even rudeness are of no advantage in the dip. What is needed is familiarity—so that each child can be sure that the count is right—and also a certain ritual which makes the choice of "it" an act of fate. The contributors include the late Tom W. H. Whitney, Eugene Cotman, D. J. Kathleen Stahl, George Bennet.

The games whose decline is most pronounced are those which are best known to adults, and therefore the most often promoted by them while the games and amusements that flourish are those that adults had most difficulty in encouraging. The games whose decline is most pronounced are those which are best known to adults, and therefore the most often promoted by them while the games and amusements that flourish are those that adults had most difficulty in encouraging. The games whose decline is most pronounced are those which are best known to adults, and therefore the most often promoted by them while the games and amusements that flourish are those that adults had most difficulty in encouraging.

that the majority of the American people wanted neither of the main candidates. And over all the campaign, there hung the smell of blood. The American party system held together just, it was perhaps symbolic of alienation at the highest level, that the Pennsylvania—the "Penny" of hostile song and story—made an odious mess of Robert Kennedy's funeral, for the rulers of the Penn-Central knew little of the emotions of the hundreds of thousands who lined the track. They were as unimportant as mere passengers, and Mr. White is far too kind to the performance of that symbol of the Establishment.

Mr. White is, in general, too kind to the Establishment. He twice quotes, with no apparent disapproval, the condemnation of Professor Genovese by Mr. Nixon without any apparent memory of what would have happened to the dissenters from the Mexican War, had the Nixon doctrine been applied to some eminent or rising politicians, including Representative Abraham Lincoln. Naturally irritated by innocent and starchy-eyed admirers of "Uncle Ho" like Miss Mary McCarthy, Mr. White writes down if not off the case against the Vietnam War. But he is savagely and justifiably angry at the almost complete failure of the Pentagon and the State Department to acquire any relevant political knowledge of Vietnam.

There are two criticisms that could be made of this remarkable and valuable book. Mr. White falls again into the bad Time habit of giving us totally irrelevant information to live up to his narrative. We do not need to know what Mr. Nixon ate for breakfast on a fateful morning (it is different from being given relevant information about why ice cubes could become dangerous missiles). There are illustrations that do

not illustrate. How many old ladies go to Midnight Mass and how often? We don't know but it must be far fewer than Mr. White seems to think. More serious is the parallel drawn between the upbringing of Hubert Humphrey and Richard Nixon. Mr. Humphrey's native village has less than 500 inhabitants thus it, by the way, a Congregational church of which Mr. Humphrey could conceivably have become minister? Mr. Nixon grew up in the solid, growing, citrus and college community of Whittier. Whittier is now being absorbed in the Los Angeles conglomerate, but it was an attractive and cultured community when Mr. Nixon went to its excellent Quaker College. And it might have been said that the Quaker influence saved this community from slurring in the odious crime of plundering and exiling the *Nisei* (the native-born American citizens of Japanese origin). Since Mr. Nixon's Quaker affiliations are often commented on ironically by his enemies and even by his friends, this good aspect might have been at least mentioned.

More serious is the question of Mr. White's English style. He has invented a vocabulary, a syntax, a word order which is quite maddening to read. It is also sometimes difficult to understand. Compared with Mr. White's present style, Warren Gamaliel Harding's was positively Attic in its sobriety. That Mr. White could write much better his earlier books on China, for instance, prove. It is probably too late to ask him to "evigilate" his texts and to ask himself whether it is tolerable to read in the prose of a man who graduated *summa cum laude* from Harvard, a word like "apparatus"? It is perhaps the greatest tribute to this remarkable book that it is so much worth reading despite the way it is written.

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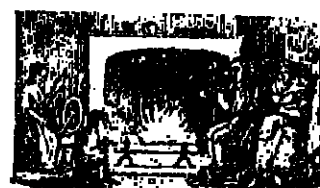
Edited by P. H. GULLIVER. The first part examines tribal loyalties in the context of politics, economics, language, law and religion, showing their essentially modern nature and the second part presents case studies. The contributors include the late Tom W. H. Whitney, Eugene Cotman, D. J. Kathleen Stahl, George Bennet.

It is in their earlier volumes Mr. and Mrs. Opie were literary historians, in this one they are anthropologists, recording customs and behaviour rather than the unwritten literature of rhyme and riddle. The one time in these games when words really matter—since singing games are left to a later volume—is in the business of counting out, or, as it is now called, "dipping", to see who is to be "he" or "it" or "on" or "no it", according to the district where he lives. There are a vast number of dips which seem, on the whole, to change less quickly than the popular rhymes of the playground and to show a greater respect for tradition. It is easy to see why, for novelty, smartness, topicality or even rudeness are of no advantage in the dip. What is needed is familiarity—so that each child can be sure that the count is right—and also a certain ritual which makes the choice of "it" an act of fate. The contributors include the late Tom W. H. Whitney, Eugene Cotman, D. J. Kathleen Stahl, George Bennet.

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## Between Sung and Ming

E. SHERMAN LEE and WAI-KAM HO:  
*Chinese Art Under the Mongols*,  
403pp. Ohio: The Cleveland Museum  
of Art, \$15.

The idea that style and motivation in art change when one ruling house succeeds another is traditional in China. In a somewhat Hegelian manner Confucians saw past dynastic periods, in art and elsewhere, as distinct movements, spiritual entities with their own political and intellectual colouring. In these respects the period of the Mongol emperors, from A.D. 1279 to 1368—the subject of an international exhibition in Cleveland last summer and described in this carefully edited catalogue—naturally rated low. Foreigners then occupied the dragon throne, high-minded artists refused service under them, and it was felt that traditional values in art were in some way being undermined. Inevitably such conventional Chinese views were adopted abroad. Ming and Sung are familiar enough to occidental cognoscenti who may be unaware that Yuan intervened. Yet in the past twenty years studies in Japan and the West have redemptively illuminated the century of Chinese national shame, and it proves to be replete with the innovation and self-examination which the western art historian is so ready to assess. For the better understanding of Chinese art the Cleveland exhibition is without question the most important event in the western hemisphere since the exhibition held in Burlington House in 1936.

A view prevailing in the past has been that the Yuan period is characterized above all by foreign influences producing exotic results, with only a gradual reassertion of Chinese values after 1340. The picture which now emerges leaves one wondering where the imagined exoticism can have been. Technical innovation in porcelain and metalwork there certainly is, some of it depending on ideas learned from further west along the Mongol trail; but what appears as new is still firmly rooted in the Chinese tradition, clearly geared into what preceded the invasion. At most the even progress, as far as concerns the heritage of the past, is complicated by the survival or re-emergence in the most sophisticated applied arts of archaic forms whose prolongation in North China was the inevitable result of the occupation of that area by the Chin tartars during the Southern Sung period. What the taste of the court and the prescription of the imperial painting academy had ordained in the arts of the Southern Sung period appears subordinate in Yuan times to styles more akin to the art of North China before the southward move of the government to Hangchow in 1127.

E. Sherman Lee makes this point forcibly in the review of the ceramic history which opens his admirable introduction to the catalogue. Under the Mongols the quality of celadon and of the Tz'u-chou stoneware was declining, but much of excellence in the shapes of the one and in the painted decoration of the other survived in the new porcelain with underglaze painting in blue and red, the former possibly a borrowing from Persia, but the latter certainly of Chinese origin. According to Mr. Lee the underglaze red technique may derive from certain Liao stonewares made in Manchuria. The technical point and the exhibited piece alleged to demonstrate it are questionable, but the theory that elements of Liao art were reinserted in Yuan porcelain is full of interest. In Liao designs a taste for Tang-style polychromy persisted, and towards the end of Liao rule some Northern Sung technical and decorative features were combined with it. In Yuan China provincial eclecticism of this order was to find itself again in the main stream.

Likewise, insistence on the picturesque in ceramic ornament—so freely and satisfactorily expressed in the Northern Tz'u-chou tradition and so completely excluded from the

Kiangsi porcelains produced under Southern Sung palace influence—takes on a new dimension in the blue-and-white Yuan ware. Three-colour enamels were added to the ornament of Tz'u-chou tradition. By these means a certain rusticity and essential non-perfectionism was legitimized in superior wares, and the road was opened to Korean potters and, via Japan, Yungui and Lench, to modern studio potters.

Something of Northern Sung standards reappears also in the white *shu-fu* bowls and the green-tinged whitish ware called *ch'ing-pai*. In describing the latter Mr. Lee crashesthe uncharacteristically into sociological gear; the *ch'ing-pai* "became hard, durable and clean porcelain suitable to the highest claims of Imperial patronage and for the native Chinese taste of the upper and aristocratic classes". Imperial patronage in the sense in which it was exercised by Ming emperors remains a doubtful quantity under Yuan rule, but the appearance of *ch'ing-pai* among wares exported to the West put it in a high class—a higher class than is portended by the bulkier and more widely diffused export of comparatively minor products to the islands of the southern seas.

The famous vase which belonged to Louis of Hungary and subsequently to William Beckford of Fontaine Abbey could unfortunately not be lent to this exhibition from the Dublin National Museum. Its implication for the chronological scheme of Yuan pottery joins a number of other important points d'appui. The chief of these is still the Percival David Foundation's pair of blue-and-white vases dated 1351, one of which was lent to the exhibition. While some history of the technique and decorative style is to be supposed before this date, there is still no possibility, on the present evidence, of taking the origin of the ware as far back as the end of the Sung period, and so validating an opinion which was formerly current among Chinese dealers. Unlike the case of *ch'ing-pai*, there is yet no positive evidence that high-class blue-and-white porcelain of the kind evidenced for the mid-fourteenth century by the David vases was already at that date being exported to Turkey and Iran, there eventually to constitute the Tokapi and Ardabil collections. Medley and Pope have argued that it was so and Mr. Lee questions their conclusions, alleging that "the vigorous innovations of blue-and-white are not matched in any other exportable medium". But, generally speaking, it was only porcelain that western potentates and magnates craved from China.

The sense of renewal which grows through the Yuan dynasty and is discernible so clearly even in pottery assumes complex intellectual form in the art of painting. Again the pivot date lies near to the middle of the fourteenth century. It was then that the "scholar's style", *wen-jen hua*, was first established (as later critics

taught) distinctly and pre-eminently. Mr. Lee's treatment of this section of the introduction to the catalogue is brief but penetrating. The early masters, particularly the outstanding Ch'ien Hsüan and Chao Meng-fu, headed a flight from the realism and dramatized sentiment of the southern Sung academy style.

We do not know how far their reaction was instinctive, or intellectual, or follows in some sense from the selection of personality implied by their exceptional readiness to serve the Mongol emperor. Mr. Lee argues with an apt quotation that the two views of painting, as professional and amateur in contrast, were not made explicit until the early decades of the succeeding Ming dynasty. But the "attractive awkwardness" adopted into his style by Ch'ien Hsüan a century earlier had opened the way to legitimizing the deliberate amateurishness, calligraphic manner and individual quirks which were bequeathed to the *wen-jen* tradition. Perhaps the entry of *wen-jen* values into painting, as distinct from a style regularly associated with them, is here made to seem a little too sudden.

In a chapter on Su Tung-po in his recent book on the history of Chinese criticism of painting, Nakamura Shigeo shows how three centuries earlier it was held that the ideals of scholars (*fu shih*) could seek expression in painting with less than professional concern for realism and skill, frankly substituting symbols for the living forms of nature. The *wen-jen* painters, taking their cue from aspects of the painting of the Four Masters of the late Yuan period, aimed at a "written style". Mr. Lee evidently hesitates to use the word "textured", although it would perhaps convey better to the European mind a style which even out the brushwork—removing dramatic emphases of tone and arresting discontinuities of space and substance—and which goes beyond the normal meaning of calligraphic.

Estimating the intellectual quality which invests the later Yuan landscape Mr. Lee rightly insists on the continued ascendancy of certain forms developed by Sung painters; not only the grand manner of a Li Lung-mien but more significantly the landscape styles, both the emphatically structured northern style of Kuo Hsi and Li Ch'eng and the softer and more atmospheric style deriving from T'uan Yüan. In support of this polarity of style to be still keenly felt by some Yuan artists, expressed views of Suzuki Kōi, who accounts for the rise of the Ming dynasty Ch'ü school partly in terms of the covertly transmitted northern Sung tradition. In relation to the new *wen-jen* trend of landscape the situation is well summarized:

a dualism, a tension between visual unity on the compositional or schematic level, and more abstract, deliberately expressive brushwork on the detailed or instinctive level is certainly one of the major characteristics of Yuan landscape

painting in general and *wen-jen* painting in particular.

One result of this dichotomy, the artistic vision was an "idealized" manner. Like the early philosophy of the brush, this idealized to a mannered painting, a master like Ni Tsan it might be said only the relative slants of landscape elements placed at different distances and separated by water, the message of the awkwardness communicated only to the extent for whom the values of the landscape had become instinctive. Wang Meng on the other hand contributed more than any other leading Yuan painter to the establishment of brush mannerism. His paintings are described here as "richly patterned, even textured". The influence of these two masters of the big four of the late Yuan dynasty "grew after 1500 with the codification of the *wen-jen* tradition".

It is indicative of our increased knowledge of Yuan painting that so much of the introduction to this catalogue should be concerned with the work of the sixteenth century. Of the late Great Masters of late Yuan, Ku Kung-wang was not represented in the exhibition; his work has been lost, and only late copies could have been called on. Three were shown in some ten of which the Wang Meng hand of the C. C. Wang collection and Cleveland Museum's Wu Chen are among the most outstanding. It is works of the thirteenth to early fourteenth centuries, not those of Tung Ti, Li Sheng, Sheng Mo, which will attract the historian's interest in the fresh text afforded by this exhibition.

Of minor arts, lacquer is a documented material for a part of thirty years' standing, but its dating and classification—two titles are unfortunately limited to four specimens. An essay on "Chinese under the Mongols" edited by Mr. Wai-kam Ho and Sherman Lee's art-historical essay with a closely documented account of attitude and aspiration among literati and some others (e.g. physicians and fortune-tellers) devoted to the cultural climate have created the cultural climate of the time. The theme is mainly a varying degree of adherence to men to the principle of government employment and the verting their disgust; but the exiles and citations, for all the authenticity, hardly recognize a blend of epigone disenchantment and interested anticipation which art-historians deduce for as a man's ambition could be "to be taken as a recluse", the reviewer suspects that this word is misleading translation of *wen-jen* and perhaps it is time that it should be dropped for something more positive and credible.

## ENGLISH Autumn 1969

IRISH WRITING  
MARIA EDGEMORTON'S 'Dances'  
By A. Norman Jeffery  
J. M. SYNGE: 'The Shadow of the Glen'  
By Robin Stegman  
THE POETRY OF PATRICK KAVANAGH (1904-1962)  
By Alan Wilentz  
THE TALLMAN  
By Geraldine O'Donnell  
POEMS AND REVIEWS  
By Geraldine O'Donnell  
Published by The English Language Society  
by the Oxford University Press  
Subscription to the magazine is 21s per year, including first issue free. Single issues 10s. Postage 10p. Non-members: 25s per year. Non-members: 25s per year. Non-members: 25s per year.

## FICTION

## Portrait of no Lady

GRAHAM GREENE: *Travels with my Aunt*. 319pp. Bodley Head 30s.

In *Travels with my Aunt* Mr. Greene cunningly interweaves two stereotypes of English fiction: the Indomitable Old Lady and the Innocent Abroad. Henry Pulling is a prematurely retired bank manager, fond of dabbles and funerals. It is at his own mother's funeral that he meets his Aunt Augusta. She is in her sixties, he in his fifties; but the funeral is a beginning rather than an end. Its sequel is an entertainment in Mr. Greene's most stylish and stylized manner. His own never-quite-suppressed wordiness—a weakness for phrases rather than any sleek syntax or redundant incident—is deathed in Pulling's own middle-aged narrative voice:

My father had been dead for more than forty years. He was a building contractor of a lethargic disposition who used to take afternoon naps in all sorts of canvas places. This irritated my mother, who was an energetic woman, and she used to seek him out to disturb him.

There is a pattern here, since Pulling himself is a morally sleepy fellow, and Aunt Augusta takes over the mother's role. A creatively disturbing mother figure is something new, although a good deal of Aunt Augusta's haughty patter is sheer Lady Blackbell ("No, no, my man. This is the Crescent." "You said turn right, lady." "Then I apologise. It was my mistake. I am always a little uncertain about right and left. For I can always remember because of the colour—red means left." "It is not the book's best kept surprise when she is finally revealed as Pulling's natural mother rather than his aunt. But by then she has effectively shaken him awake for life.

Curious places play a big part in this process. It begins with a modest trip to Brighton, where Aunt Augusta helped to run a Church for Dogs; moves on via Paris (revisiting a Feydeseque affair set in those twin hotels, the St. James and Albany) to Istanbul and a botched attempt to sell a gold brick; and winds up in Paraguay, where Pulling finds an exile as complete and bizarre, as the lifelessness of reading Dickens whetted out in *A Handful of Dust*. But he is happy with it. Browning "All's right with the world" (rather than *Black House* summarizes his state.

Mr. Greene's work has always been in part a plea against normality. Even his Catholicism is an appeal to un-Englishness; a minority within the country, a worldwide

organization with many roots in the exotic outside. It is typical that Aunt Augusta (at seventy) should have a Negro lover, and typical of Mr. Greene's literary playfulness that he should be called Wordsworth.

At was working at the Grenada Palace. Ar had a uniform. Jus lak a general. She lak na uniform. She stop an say. "Are you the Emperor Jones?" "No, na'am." I say. "am only old Wordsworth." "Oh", she says, "thou child of joy, stout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy shepherd boy."

It is equally typical that he should borrow Pulling's mother's funeral urn and substitute pot for the ashes. Mr. Greene of all English writers has most taken to heart Chekhov's dictum that nothing should be wasted, that if you describe a pistol on the wall in the first chapter it must be because someone is shot with it in the last. Even Wordsworth reappears in Paraguay, in most improbable circumstances; as does a C.I.A. man who happens to be the father of a girl met on one of Aunt Augusta's earlier trips. A final partly reassembles the cast in a manner worthy of the West End stage, or Mr. Anthony Powell. Wordsworth's pocket-knife finds a Chekhovian function.

Mr. Greene is often charged with disrespect for the everyday. Certainly his American portraits tend to a lazy sketchiness. ("I was always taught that Yugoslavs were good Communists. We sell them strategic material, don't we?") But the life from which Pulling escapes is given its affectionate due. The attractions of suburbia, of daffling CHICKENS for a pre-cooked meal, of occasional cherries and meals out at the sparkly Lesbian joint down the road, are almost sentimentally indulged. Aunt Augusta's world has its brutalities; so does the American girl's.

Her hand was on my knee, and the enormous wrist-watch stared up at me with its great blank white face and its four figures in scarlet, 12 3 6 9, as if those were the only important ones to remember, the hours when you had to take your medicine. Most of the hours of my life had been eliminated from Tooley's watch.

Such melancholy directness is Mr. Greene's greatest strength. He can be mischievous: it is surely not an accident that the policeman trailing Wordsworth's marijuana is called "Detective-Sergeant Sparrow John". But even authority has a soul, and Sparrow is soon singing carols with boyish pleasure. Indeed, the central contrast of the book is hardly a moral one. Aunt

Augusta thunders sometimes at her nephew or son. "You looked after people's money like a nanny who looked after other people's children." She harshly urges him to let the dead bury their own dead; the only unsuccessful trip takes them to Boulogne, to Pulling's father's grave, which is tended by a devoted spinster whom he took on an unconsummated and fatal weekend. (Food-poisoning, rather than passion.) Aunt Augusta is scornful of that, though she reserves an equally dippy devotion for an Italian flame, a marvellous Autolyceus of survival, whose smuggling business is Pulling's final destination. ("Mr. Visconti wants somebody he can trust to keep the books. Accounts have always been his weak point.") But her final appeal is to live dangerously for its own sake.

"My dear Henry, if you live with us, you won't be edging day by day across to any last wall. The wall will find you of its own accord without your help, and every day you live will seem to you a kind of victory. I was too sharp for it that time," you will say when night comes, and afterward, you'll sleep well."

Exile in Paraguay can be easy too. At one moment Pulling is a pure victim of nineteenth-century prissiness. "If I had never known love at all, perhaps it was because my father's library had not contained the right books." But when he finally decides to stay with his aunt: "It was as though I were safely back in the Victorian world where I had been taught by my father's books to feel more at home than in our modern day."

Some of his aunt's philosophy mixes with his own inherent laziness. Of the C.I.A. man, he reflects: "Anxieties in his case would always settle on him like flies on an open wound." Better live dangerously, without anxieties; lose your security in order to find it. It is sentimentally stood on its head, archness in a ruthless cause; a very proper entertainment for late middle age. Mr. Greene's skill, like Aunt Augusta's spirit, never flags. Whether one can stand being so lightly tickled over 300 pages is another matter. Pulling's obnoxiousness is sometimes no joke; he takes half the book to realize that Aunt Augusta has seen brothers from the inside, and it's only intermittently funny that she should have. "Draw it mild" was a swell's phrase of the nineteenth century; "draw it bitter" is a reader's message to Mr. Greene. *Travels with my Aunt* is drawn very mild indeed.

## Facing the past

ANGELA CARTER: *Heroes and Villains*. 214pp. Heinemann. 30s.

The imaginary world of Angela Carter's new novel is built of the blurred remnants of some vast catastrophe, but the form it takes has more to do with legend and a bookish view of the past than with a possible future. Small, enclosed settlements, inhabited by sombre-suited Professors who read books, are protected by Soldiers and kept going by Workers. Outside are the Barbarians, parasitical marauders, who live on plunder and organize themselves roughly but with considerable ritualistic dash. Further out still, and barely to be distinguished from the wild beasts which have returned in quantities, are the Out People, freaks who may yet inherit the earth.

Marianne, the cool and easily bored daughter of a Professor, joins the gypsies, moving with Jewel, her brother's murderer, from the stillness of her ivory tower into the disorder of the Barbarians' life, temporarily based on a decaying mansion, from there to hunt beasts and Professors. Seen, as it is initially, by Marianne, who inspected these sights as if she were looking at colour illustrations in an ingenious book, "this world

is richly imagined, never whimsical and extraordinarily believable. The filthy splendour of the men in their paint and stolon furs and jewels, the prim prattling of the tribe's Nellie Dean, a cosy elderly woman, who'd been snatched from a Professor settlement, but has now settled down to mothering a generation of Health-cliffs—these are wonderfully suggested. Marianne is lonely, bewildered and uncomfortable, and she is forced to admit that perhaps her father was right, "perhaps chaos is even more boring than order". There is another intellectual, a renegade Professor called Donally, living with the Barbarians, who uses drunkenness and simulated fits to manipulate the tribe's superstitions to his own ends. For him, and for Marianne, this life is not theirs but a legend come to life; but where Marianne is made to enter it (because she is a woman, perhaps), even when she is long to escape, Donally is making it of his control of the material in the early chapters is formidable. The fantasy is made to work through the use of detail and the firmly established individuality of the characters. This only falls at that moment when Marianne, forced into marriage with Jewel, and "binding herself passionately, struggled to him, he lost

as the cool eye surveying the pop-up pictures before her. With this new focus, the relationship becomes something more familiar and yet less credible on its own terms, the attraction of an educated girl for the brutal stranger; and Jewel's new-found ability to parry such insults from her as, "You're not a human being at all, you're a metaphysical proposition", is one of the least satisfactory inventions of the novel. The occasional pretentiousness which creeps into the last part of the book is partly the result of Marianne's loss of detachment and the disintegration of the Barbarians' world once she has become part of it, but it does spoil what is in many ways a remarkably effective novel.

The first Collins Religious Book Award has been presented to Thomas F. Torrance for *Theological Studies* (published by the Oxford University Press at £4.4s.). Dr. Torrance, who has been Professor of Dogmatics at Edinburgh University since 1953, and his most recent book is based on the Heywell Lectures which he delivered in the United States in 1959. The Award inaugurated to celebrate the 150th anniversary of William Collins, and will be given every two years.

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## Adding up the detail

DOUGLAS DUNN: *Terry Street*. 62pp. Faber and Faber. 15s.  
BRIAN JONES: *Interior*. 50pp. Alan Ross. 25s.  
TOM RAWORTH: *A Serial Biography*. 94pp. Fulcrum Press. 28s.

Douglas Dunn has a beat covering Hull's Terry Street and its environs. He has been there, like a Disney cameraman parked up a palm-tree with his head disguised as a coconut: he has shot the stuff and he has got it out. The results are distinguished in a prize-reporting kind of way. It is a distinction of a fashionable kind. The problem of the publication of his book poses Mr. Dunn is to go on from it before time repudiates it. Tireless in its microscopic observation, remorseless in the scrupulousity of its language, the work is about as close as a patently gifted poet can go to the banal. This is poetry attempting to survive on a determined honesty alone: the no-poses principle is carried through to the point where it becomes itself a pose:

Yet there is, no unrest. The dust is so fine. You hardly notice you have grown too old to cry out for change.

Who you? This is the clinching couplet from "New Light on Terry Street", but the light is not all that new:

Up terraces of slums, young gum-chewing mothers sit Outside on their thrones of light.

Cl. Larkin *passim*. Meanwhile the following kind of ability is largely going to waste:

The children bounce balls Up into their dreams of sand

—which is a step up in ambition and (probably consequently) in language from just flatly describing everything that has novel value as a fearless observation. It is quite obvious that Mr. Dunn's gift of language lies in this direction and not the other, but he cannot go in that direction because for the moment he is not allowed to. No D.T.'s, please.

The ball I threw while playing in the park Has not yet reached the ground.

That is Dylan himself. Mr. Dunn's is the same gesture, the same feeling for the language, but in a period so different that he cannot allow himself to travel even a tiny way towards a language creating emotion through its own plasticity. Instead, a relentless application to fine detail, a retrograde Grieson-style documentary in a language as flat as faded film is grey:

In small backyards old men's long Drips from sagging clotheslines. The other stuff they take in bundles to the Bendix.

Look at Life again soon. And in "Sunday Morning Among the Houses of Terry Street" we are given a rhapsody on a windy night without the night, the wind or the rhapsody, but with the same confidence (misplaced in this case) that the detail will add up and with a really quite serious underestimation of how thoroughly this kind of thing has already been taken care of:

On the quiet street, Saturday night's Bells of fish and chip newspapers, Bottles Placed neatly on window sills, beds, cats.

In poems a page or more long he feels compelled to disperse Pantomime-style comment among his descriptions, but a few very short poems show the landscape unadorned with captions or voices-over. We just hold it for a long shot and leave the audience to draw its own conclusions:

Recalcitrant motorbikes; Dog-shit under frost; a coughing woman; The old men who cannot walk briskly; On the way back from their watchmen's huts.

This poem is alive in the first line because bikes refusing to start often kick back at you, so "recalcitrant" is a good word. But you would need

to go a long way into the bad lands of Poundian theory ("congenies of minutely observed particulars") to make sense of the selectivity exercised in the rest of it. Poems like these pass only negative tests: no, they do not pose; no, they do not stunt; no, the language is not inflated. They arise out of a determination concerning what poetry should not be. Yet everywhere there are hints of a pull towards lyricism, of form transmitting delight by its own concern with itself. The last stanza in the book's last poem is a clear echo of James Wright ("Suddenly I realise/ That if I stepped out of my body I would break/ Into blossom"), but it is a satisfactory distance from Terry Street and shows the way Mr. Dunn's poetry could go.

The back of my hand With its network of small veins Has changed to the underside of a leaf. If water fell on me now I think I would grow.

One is sure that he will, just as one is sure that this book is out a shade too early for its author's good health and a shade too late to set any new marks for the fashion it exemplifies. "Death of a Cultured Golling Motorist" is the best poem in Brian Jones's new book *Interior*. Not that it is free from unsubstantiated art-talk of synesthetic corn:

He awoke, to find himself lying awake listening to music—a violin drawing like Klee's hand across silence.

He rose, and was the music.

One does not object to Klee; just to the omission of any information on why Klee is more relevant than Chagall, Kandinsky, Grandma Moses or Winston Churchill in this context. And we suppose that this man can be

the music while the music is it not a well-worn usage? It is whole poems, and whole poems, which simply happily adding used device on the back of the book's jacket. "Death of a Cultured Golling Motorist" has a drama to it eventually produces a

A perfect day looked from the over its shoulder tomorrow

"Make its move" is good here. Jones ought to be able to make his writing as interesting as the astonishment and indignation of the citizens who witnessed what occurred in Pushkin Square on the 22nd of January 1967.

A milkshake cockaton truths pink against the cage shimmering skilled,

Here the two levels of language easily discerned: the second third lines are too easily done, the use of the word "milkshake" brings all the correct sub-sensory, bubbly pastel colours before mind's eye. Mr. Jones's next try to avoid essay-writing and to do the theme and its language is

Tom Raworth's *A Serial Biography* is a prose-poetry thing, consisting that it is always getting a book finished once you get the principle of bunging one in; writing down is writing. Edward Dorn points out on jacket the illumination that prose makes is the insistent, nominal multiplicity of eye-running thru the field of see have it in Mr. Raworth's case:

"There must be something in it if I could just focus..."

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## Turn again, Ivan Ivanovich

ERIK DE MAUNY: *Russian Prospect*. 320pp. Macmillan. £2 10s.  
*Observer* from Moscow. By "An Observer". 288pp. Cape. 32s.  
PAVEL LITVINOV: *The Demonstration in Pushkin Square*. Translated by Manya Harari. 128pp. Harvill Press. 30s.

Whatever was going on here?

Comrade Judges! This year is a great date for us—it is the fiftieth year of the Soviet régime. The struggle for the maintenance of public order continues throughout the country. In Moscow, the maintenance of public order is particularly important. We have largely been successful in this respect. Imagine, in the circumstances, the astonishment and indignation of the citizens who witnessed what occurred in Pushkin Square on the 22nd of January 1967.

Or what did the K.G.B., in a private interview with Pavel Litvinov, think would go on?

You understand perfectly well that such a record could be used against us by our ideological enemies, especially on the fiftieth anniversary of the Soviet régime... You must know perfectly well what we are talking about. We are only warning you, but the Court will move you guilty.

Western liberal values have never been easy to defend without the blockade of intellectual light. Questions of intellectual property, of allowable limits to personal freedom, of higher loyalties and other seemingly clean-cut issues have a way of turning

out to be thickets for the unwary. And no less so in going over to the attack: the leaves on the ground cover brushwood laid across deep pits. For all that, one may risk a generalization and say that the trial stories that have emerged from Moscow in the past two years could only originate in a society which, sick perhaps, like many another, lacks to a quite special degree the honesty and resilience needed to cure itself.

The stories in outline are familiar enough. Press reports and articles have told of the chain-reaction of peaceful demonstrations around the "writers' trial" of the winter of 1965-66, the subsequent arrests of Aleksandr Ginzburg's associates in January, 1967, and of those protesting at their arrests shortly afterwards, the arrest of Ginzburg himself after this demonstration, and finally Dr. Pavel Litvinov's own sentence in 1968, ostensibly for protesting at the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia. In for a kopec, in for a rouble, and there may be more such stories to come.

What is less familiar is the symptomatic background to these episodes within what may be called the national self-awareness of the Soviet Union, which in this form dates not so much from the delirium of Stalin since the 1950s as from Khrushchev's fall, half a decade ago this autumn. All three books are caught up in this collective mood, or themselves try to catch it, and most remarkably (for their authors have nothing in common except their

affection for Russia) they point three pictures of quite different style that overlap to make an exact composite.

The pictures work by increasing their depth of focus on to the subject. In *Russian Prospect* Erik de Mauny sets up his canvas furthest away, and takes the widest brush. A graduate in Russian and lifelong devotee, he was the first resident B.B.C. correspondent in Moscow, and arrived there in May, 1963, with just enough time to see Khrushchev's ambivalent personality erupt at home and abroad. He reports how foreigners would warm to this most completely thawed of the Soviet icebergs, and yet be repelled by the man's boorishness on state occasions or at an art gallery: how "Mr. Maize", tough organizer though he was, could still bewilder his agricultural experts with endless changes of policy; and how hard it was for Khrushchev, or indeed for any survivor from the Stalinist past, to bury the terrible Georgian altogether while keeping the Party on its feet above ground fit took *Pravda* two months to answer Khrushchev's charges at the 1961 Congress that Stalin's Party had been intellectually sterile. Unperturbed by his own part in this history, Khrushchev in the 1960s freely backtracked on his denunciations, sometimes for specious motives of pressure or persuasion but occasionally out of a genuine fondness for the man at whose funeral he had wept.

Khrushchev's own abrupt dismissal in October, 1964 (vividly told by

Mr. de Mauny against the awesome professional task of getting out an account for the B.B.C. of events which not even Moscow itself was sure had happened, allowed a great many Russians to discover suddenly that Nikita Sergeyevich had all along been something of a mistake. A London taxi does not turn with a tighter wheel-lock than does the averagely cynical Soviet citizen, and a main concern of *Russian Prospect* is to show how damaging this cynicism is.

Its greatest danger lies in fostering self-deception. This can take the form of a refusal to admit that a village which Mr. de Mauny decides is essential to his television film of Siberia exists at all, because it is shabby. Or of a press report—telling how a decent Russian girl was sold into Arab slavery after marrying a Muslim—which is admitted to be a complete fabrication designed to stop foreign marriages. Or of a pronouncement, after some writer has discovered that the guns of the cruiser Aurora did not in fact herald the storming of the Winter Palace in 1917 with a roaring salvo but merely with a single blank shell, that the Soviet people have "a right to criticize their revolutionary past and that anyone trying to destroy this is undermining tradition". Even the K.G.B., Mr. de Mauny suggests, can deceive itself enough to imagine it can add to its Philby triumphs by using Kim to corrupt a representative of the British Broadcasting Corporation (Mr. de

Mauny's reunion with that wearily some man is his only dull chapter, but at least it puts Soviet intelligence firmly back into what one always hopes is its proper setting of naive worldly-wisdom and unadmitted blunder.)

Cynicism of this kind, as the author says, percolates right down from the top. He is scrupulously fair (after incorruptibility, the prime Corporation virtue) and takes his material where he finds it, but not even the young go-getters of Bratsk or Yakutsk, impatient with bureaucracy and open to new ideas, can rid his copy of this flavour of disillusion. Summing up the five years of the troika of Brezhnev, Kosygin and Podgorny, the best he can say is that it has been a time of transition: the leadership itself apparently finds it necessary to go on pretending to be monolithic.

Mr. de Mauny spends a good part of his three years and three hundred pages among the intellectuals (two long chapters on the writers proving how well he did his homework). On the other hand, "An Observer", a Western postgraduate student, never leaves them in *Message from Moscow*. He is at their jazz parties, where homeless couples make love in their host's kitchen, in the library that is a den of illicit Western sociological imports, beside the short-wave radio sets that get West Germany, at the desk of an artist who, unable to exhibit his abstracts, earns a living with socialist-realist pot-boilers for children's books. Where the B.B.C. visits

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Macmillan

# Sniggering in the room

KENNETH ROSE: *Superior Person*. 475pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £3 15s.

Lord Curzon has been cruelly served by history. Part of the reason lies in the pleasure writers derive from toppling over a figure which seems to them to epitomize pride, aristocracy and self-sufficiency. That may be fun but it is not history. When Lord Curzon died, his biography was undertaken by Lord Ronaldshay and published in three large volumes—a late flowering of the Victorian tradition of biography which Lytton Strachey once suggested was an inexorable part of the "slow, funeral barbarism" provided for the illustrious sons of nineteenth-century England. Certainly the three volumes were soon outpaced in the headlong tumble of the twentieth century, and it may be suspected that they are now consulted, not read. Although today Lord Ronaldshay's book may rather smother its subject, it remains a good book—fair, comprehensive and informative with here and there the unfashionable virtue of relevance. But by its nature the book was an interment, the very size of the undertaking seeming appropriate to the supposed pomps and vanities of the subject.

On top of Lord Ronaldshay, Lord Curzon's reputation has had to carry the severe study by Mr. Leonard Mosley, the publication of his private letters to his second wife, and some revelations in the biography of the distinguished lady novelist who fancied that he wished to make her Lady Curzon. Moreover, in addition to all this, recent political historians have too readily accepted that in Lloyd George's government after the First World War the foreign secretary (Curzon) was a figure of fun.

Donar Law once asked a friend whether Lloyd George hated Curzon. "No," came the answer, "he laughs at Curzon." Such was the spirit of comradeship prevailing in that cut-throat Cabinet. It was not laughter in the next room, but sniggering in the same room. Curzon, unlike his Elton contemporary, Sir George Sitwell, had no son to immortalize for us his oddities and wit, but he has found in Mr. Kenneth Rose a biographer of perception who finds his way to the true Curzon, and is unaffected by the fables and conceits of the present age.

Lord Ronaldshay asked a question which, to those who understand human nature, affords a chance to solve an absorbing puzzle. He is alluding to the familiar picture of Curzon—superior, pompous and humourless—and then asks: How could the public who saw him only from the far side of the footlights know that behind the scenes of the theatre he huddled over with animal spirits, danced, joked, did all the things that high-spirited youth in love with life and with a consuming passion for laughter insists on doing the wide world over?

Lord Ronaldshay, who asked the question, could have answered it—privately, not publicly. For that there were too many survivors of Curzon's youthful circle and the day of private revelation had not then dawned. Not, let it be hastily added, that there was anything scandalous about Curzon's private life: as was true of so many of his generation there was much talk but less action. Curzon and his friends would have understood the lady at the house-party who whispered to an admirer that she would leave a rose outside her bedroom door. She then slipped the rose outside the door of a bishop who was sleeping at ease with himself and the world. Curzon was admired and loved in the most brilliant world of fashion since the Regency; among the Souls, the Crabbe Club—where he was called by the founder "the most brilliant, the never flags for an instant"—and the Tennant sisters he comes down to us with his personality as dominant and vivid as when he wrote for the Crabbe Club.

Charm and a man I sing, to wit—a most superior person. Myself who bears the fitting name of George Nathaniel Curzon. From which 'tis clear that even when in swaddling bands I lay low. There floated round my head a sort of apostolic halo.

Roughly the first half of Mr. Rose's book is concerned with this gay and prosperous period of Curzon's life, and his account is fortified with wit and a great variety of entertaining anecdote. These qualities alone make the book infinitely worth reading. Indeed there are moments when some readers may regret that the author did not draw a full picture of the Souls and their circle—not, of course, as they seem to our rather brazen taste, but as they really were—set in their own times and governed by their own habit of thought. Certainly Mr. Rose would make of this a highly successful and entertaining book. There is, of course, a profusion of rather lightweight books on the individual Souls and their friends, and Mr. Rose has drawn them together to take us behind the footlights and to show us Curzon at the centre of a brilliant tale.

What then went wrong? Obviously the Viceroyalty of India exhausted Curzon, shortened his temper, and shattered old friendships. But Mr. Rose suggests—and he is surely right here—that Curzon was really the victim of his own drollery;

he quotes Desmond MacCann, the danger of making jobs for oneself "the humours are so astonishing lack of self-awareness while the malicious fling that he at you as stones". In addition to this was Curzon's character as a man of caprice which was dangerous close to him. In a letter to a German Governor, recently asked him: "Tell me, Curzon, what is the meaning of the English word 'bouncer' which sometimes hear you called?" was also gifted or afflicted with impetuous tongue and pen. To all together, these perhaps, why Curzon, with noble and shining qualities, partially and hidden, was relegated by footlings to the time—and since—company of the vain and pompous to march in a stately procession the Prime Minister, Lord Grey in real life and the Duke of Gloucester in fiction.

Mr. Rose is only lightly concerned with the controversies of Curzon's time in India and with the later part of his life not at all. A comic biographical book could easily miss the point of Curzon and to notice the smile behind the rage. What Mr. Rose has achieved is correct the popular misconception of his subject's character. His success in the wider fields of public life will find their task that much easier. In a world brimming with corrigenda, Mr. Rose brings to his publishers by providing them a book which is virtually without mistakes and, although he apologizes for the trouble he has caused by these are troubles which publicists must learn to accept with a smile. The index by Mr. Norman King, Vice-President of the Society of Indologists, is beyond praise.

# Honour, humours and hipsters

FRANCIS BEAUMONT and JOHN FLETCHER: *The Maid's Tragedy*. Edited by Howard B. Norland. 198pp. RICHARD BROME: *A Jovial Crew*. Edited by Ann Haaker. 144pp. GEORGE CHAPMAN: *All Fools*. Edited by Frank Manley. 103pp. Edward Arnold. 21s. each.

The "Regents Renaissance Drama" series, a very carefully edited set of scholarly texts with full apparatus of bibliographical and critical lore but presenting the text itself in modern spelling, is issued under the general editorship of Professor Cyrus H. Gordon by the University of Nebraska Press to the United States and by Edward Arnold in this country. The accident of publication dates threw together recently three very different plays of Jacobean-Caroline plays: an early Beaumont-Fletcher example of the irredeemably tedious love-and-honour conventions later to be glorified after the Restoration, a Jonsonian comedy of humours by that sober political tragedian, George Chapman, and a rollicking tale of roguish hipsters by the chief of the "Sons of Ben", performed on the banks of the River Thames. Taken together, they are a salutary reminder that to generalize too freely about "Jacobean drama" is as dangerous as to draw conclusions about, say, "the modern novel" from any three samples from even trend-setting writers.

"They're tied to rules of flattery" comments a courtier in the opening scene of *The Maid's Tragedy* (performed in 1610/11). He was speaking of the new era of masques, but the phrase will serve for the play itself, for its plot and all its heroics

form in a sense a back-handed compliment to James I's restatement of "the divine right of kings"—a doctrine manifestly untenable in England even at the beginning of his reign, and quite preposterous by the end of his son's.

At about the same time, the learned Chapman was presenting, in the *Bussy d'Ambois* plays, a much more serious attempt to grapple, almost in the terms of modern political philosophy, with the daring political theories which were beginning to adorn the utterances of those reckless men engaged in personal ambition and general mayhem at Continental courts. His effort at comedy, *All Fools* (performed 1599), shows his learning in a rather tiresome Terentian treatment of double bluffs, secret marriages, sons outwitting fathers, jealous cuckolds, and so on; like the first version of Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*, it parades London types lightly disguised in Italianate names. Even in so unserious a play, however, one feels that Chapman is not a natural dramatist: his free-flowing blank verse is undifferentiated so that one never really remembers who is speaking. There are low-key exercises on the theme of Fortune (not unlike some of the set-pieces in *Troilus and Cressida*) and the customary ping-pong of chop-logic impertinences by cheeky servants, all of which contribute to what a later age would call a "well-made play". One leaves it, however, merely noting afresh how a particular art form will, in its heyday, draw into itself talents which at other times would have fitted themselves out more comfortably in quite other garments.

Richard Brome, "by great Jonson made free of the trade", as one

of his eulogists puts it—was producing comedies of humours and other salable professional stuff right up to the Civil War. *A Jovial Crew* (performed 1641) points the moral that times of misery, disillusion and general depression can foster the "slop-the-world-I-want-to-get-off" reaction no less easily than our own days of youth-boring affluence. The young bourgeois lads and lasses, the poet, the attorney, the soldier, the courtier, the priest, who all run off to join the merry band of beggars, must have aroused in the Cockpit audiences much the same sort of "get-away-from-it-all" response afforded by their descendants in the musical film *The Vagabond King*. Beggars' cant on the stage no doubt offered the same titillation as that enjoyed by devotees of pop discourse. There is a fair amount of dramatic realism, too, when the bored members of the gentry soon find that as free-living beggars their lives become conventional in a way only superficially different. It is a good-natured, ultimately quite conservative, piece of rollicking entertainment. One feels, none the less, that a black-comedy version of *The Maid's Tragedy*, shrugging off all its blood and treachery, would nowa-

days suit the comic spirit more closely than either Brome's gypsy frolic or Chapman's laugh-by-rule denouements.

It is a great pleasure to have these second-line Elizabethan-Jacobean plays in so handy and well presented a form. They are worth the editorial labour expended, and their editors are helpfully up to date with their textual references and their historical or economic asides. But when, as often, will American editors learn that it is not a sign of scholarship, but of obsessional timidity, when a passing reference to Falstaff's three words—"a mere scutcheon"—is made to hear the unhelpful footnote: "William Shakespeare, *Henry IV, Part I*, V.i.128-144 in *The Complete Works of Shakespeare*, ed. G. L. Kittredge (New York, 1936)." Who really cares to know which one out of scores of possible modern editions of the play Mr. Norland happened to have at his elbow when this well-known phrase struck his memory? He might have been more usefully employed de-fusing so awkward a sentence as: "Melantius fuses the initially conflicting demands of friend and family into a single action designed to redeem the personal honour he naturally champions."

# Unmasked nō

PETER D. ARNOTT: *The Theatres of Japan*. 319pp. Macmillan. £4 10s.

The Western theatre-lover on a visit to Tokyo could see a different production each day for a very long time (even two a day if he had the stamina, for some theatres open before lunch). Just as the Japanese build the most modern railways, so with their theatres. The superb National Theatre (which has no attached actors, however—kind Japanese say that they think that any system of a national company of actors without a theatre is better) has two stages, one large and one small, the latter mainly for puppets, but available for all sorts of small-scale performances.

The Nissei theatre, specializing in spectacles such as opera or *Hamlet* on a grand scale, is in the headquarters of an insurance company. The Kabuki theatre, though older, is still magnificent. These tourist-conscious theatres are very easy for the visitor to find, but he will also find, in almost every department store of any size (just as he is likely to discover a railway-station on a lower floor) a well-equipped theatre somewhere near the roof, in which he will nearly always be able to see something of interest, from modern plays, or *kabuki* given by young actors, to the annual jamborees of devoted amateurs of obscure traditional schools of music. It takes a more dedicated researcher to get to see a *nō* play, but two stages exist in the centre of the city, and in the suburbs there are more, though very difficult to track down.

If his fancy is for modern theatre—translations of Miller, perhaps, or Brecht—he can go to the headquarters of several permanent companies, like the Actors' Theatre, who have trained up their actors to a high level of skill, or again, scattered around the city, in stores, universities, local government centres, club and association buildings, or small back rooms, he will find, performing the most advanced theatre that he could hope for. At the other end of the scale—music-hall, girle shows, striptease—everything is available.

*The Theatres of Japan* is, among other things, a sophisticated and intelligent guide to all this. It is complete in itself; it gives a summary history of Japan and follows this with accounts of the development of the dances and other forms that preceded

*nō* plays, the *nō* plays themselves, the *kabuki*, the puppets, and the modern theatre, with a mention of the Japanese film, and of English work influenced by the Japanese theatre. It contains some of the best descriptions of the externals of Japanese theatre that have appeared in the West, or in Japan itself.

The individuality of the book appears when Professor Arnett makes general comment on the principles and methods of Japanese drama, and also brings in comparisons with the rest of the world. He has perceptive things to say on topics of many sorts. On time, for example, he points out how it is "expandable or compressible according to the dramatic exigencies of the moment". An understanding of this helps a great deal with the appreciation of *kabuki*.

Now and again he gets things wrong or does not go far enough. He refers to the members of the audience of *nō* plays who sit through the performance with librettos on their laps "because of the difficulty of the archaic language. True enough, perhaps, but they are also very often amateur performers who are following not only the words, but also the aids to chanting printed with the words in the same way as a musician will listen to a recording, score in hand, in order to improve his performance. He also has relevant things to say about Sukeroku hiding so spectacularly in a tub of real water, but does not add that this scene is normally played only in summer, so that the audience may feel vicariously cooler from all the water being splashed about.

These are small errors of omission, and one cannot expect to have everything in what is, after all, not a vast book, even though it contains a lot of meaty stuff. The author really should, however, have checked the spelling of the Japanese names and terms that he uses. Even a short time spent with the *Halfords' Kabuki Handbook*, which he includes in his bibliography, would have saved him many errors, such as *Korunbo* for *Kurambo*, *Agekani* for *Agekaki*. Professor Arnett, a Greek specialist, would probably come down hard on a writer on Greek drama who wrote *Socophiles* for *Sophocles*.

However, this is an excellent book, and a fine testimony to its author's wide study of the drama. Even the reader with no interest in Japan will find much that will stimulate new approaches to Western drama.

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Macmillan

# Laughing in the aisles

SHERIDAN MORLEY: *A Talent to Amuse*. 359pp. Heinemann. £3 3s.

Our audio-visual village is celebrating the seventieth birthday of Mr. Noël Coward. The tenants will crowd to the Hall, bearing as gifts re-assessments and profiles; some bunting will be hung on television; there will be the usual bonfire of past resentments and a great hawking of souvenirs like new records and old films. "There is a rustling in critical corridors, as though the laurels, so long withheld, are at last being prepared. They have certainly been well earned: who else can be called a jolly good fellow at the National Theatre and Las Vegas, in a thousand Palm Courts, and in the essays of Kenneth Tynan?"

He is self-taught, self-made, the image is self-begotten. Unable to read or write music, he used to hum his tunes, sometimes by telephone, to an amanuensis. He had little schooling, and picked up his stagecraft as a child actor. From a seedy-genee background, his parents kept lodgings, he pushed his way into the house-party set. By the time *The Fortes* opened at the Hampstead Everyman he had played his own P.R.O. with such success that the stalls were packed with the best people, and a loan from Michael Arlen collected typically over lunch at the Ritz—kept the production going when the original backer wanted to withdraw.

Noël Coward's life is an illustration of the maxim that success is very largely the ability to survive failure. The interest of Mr. Morley's biography is that it does not try to hide the years when nothing quite came off, the errors of judgment, the overrating of capacity, the chilling attempts to repeat what had worked so well before. Through all this, Mr. Coward trotted on, even gooding

himself to that act of courage that only another entertainer can appreciate: he would go, the morning after a disastrous first night and a series of cruel notices, to lunch in his usual restaurant. The bravery and the cheek have paid off. In his sixties he has made a new reputation in cabaret, and achieved a fresh success, with revivals. The bright young faun of the 1930s has become a Grand Old Man.

Mr. Morley judges the plays by their appeal to audiences, but refrains from looking too closely at the texts. This is tactful: much of Mr. Coward's work seems today sentimental and embarrassing. His achievement is in those light-hearted pieces that he threw off in a few weeks of thinking and a few days of writing. Boiled down by the years, this seems to leave us with *Hay Fever*, *Private Lives*, some funny one-acters, and a lot of good songs and a legend. But is that all? "Mr. Coward," said John Osborne, "like Miss Dietrich, is his own invention and contribution to this century. Any one who cannot see that should keep well away from the theatre." It is, perhaps mainly in the theatre, and among theatrical people, that Mr. Coward's wit and worth will continue to be shown their due. To dissect his work at a seminar is like using a blunt knife to cut cowbears. Anyone who tries to talk seriously of *Hay Fever* risks looking the same sort of spook as the ponderous don who tries to analyse a joke. What is on the printed page seems almost nothing: only an actor in front of an audience can appreciate the structure that lies beneath the words.

Mr. Morley rightly draws our attention to two characteristics of Mr. Coward's work that have had an influence in unexpected quarters. His characters are almost continually saying one thing while they

think another; the surface badinage is a cover, like a game of concequences played with children the night before a divorce. More important, the relationships that obsessed Mr. Coward were those of people who cannot live together, but cannot bear to live apart. Through comedy, he looked at areas of suffering tragedy had neglected to explore. Edward Albee and Harold Pinter have acknowledged their debt to him, and many other playwrights have drawn heavily on material and methods that Mr. Coward taught audiences to accept. The fact that he did so unconsciously, with solemnity, and might well disown any such intention, is a refreshment in days when intentions are so often stated far in advance of achievement.

Biographies of the dead have become so ruthless that those of the living, held back by the law or good taste, begin to seem tame. It is a compliment to all concerned that this book is allowed to open most of the cupboard doors and give us a quick look at the skeletons. Mr. Coward had the classic disadvantage of an efficient, pushing and much-loved mother and an ineffectual father. Through the biographer's euphemisms we seem sometimes to hear a thin scream over the tinkle of ice in the glass.

I've been to a marvellous party With Mollie and Nana and Nell. It was in the fresh air. And we went as we were. And we stayed as we were. Which was Hell.

Mr. Morley is frank about the causes of Mr. Coward's unpopularity with the press. The least attractive is the combination of emotional patriotism with foreign residence for tax avoidance. It is always annoying to be teased on how great we

might be by gentlemen living in Switzerland or Jamaica to be contributing to the social service that are possibly our last claim to greatness. There may be some more for charity than he ever got from the tax man; and when his conscience troubled him he need not say, the best advice. I was Churchill who said to be "Save what you can"—and more would have minded, if it had been for *In Which We Serve* and his famous concluding speech *Carabade*. His irreverence is joy; it is when he gets serious in the gallery sometimes grows restless. There have been signs lately of a tetchiness more fitting to the role of admiral than half of him may want to be.

The public are asking for fifth... the younger generation are knocking at the door of the dustbin... If life is more than the stage, should the stage be the mirror up to such distorted nature? If so, where shall we be—without the concept or relevance?

No—that is not Noël Coward. That was Gerald du Maurier, writing one after the opening of *The Fortes*. In 1961 Mr. Coward himself wrote a series of unfortunate articles on very similar lines attacking the new generation of actors and writers—almost as though he had been convinced and was reproaching his former self.

But a seventieth birthday is a time to forgive crotchets. Much can be forgiven of a man who has been so funny so often and for so long. Mr. Morley has opened the cupboard with an excellent book that is a quick look at the skeletons. Mr. Coward had the classic disadvantage of an efficient, pushing and much-loved mother and an ineffectual father. Through the biographer's euphemisms we seem sometimes to hear a thin scream over the tinkle of ice in the glass.

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Journal 116



















# Capitals in Rome

EDWARD M. CATICH: *The Origin of the Serif*, 324pp. Davenport, Iowa: The Catich Press. \$24.

There are works of the past that are so familiar that they are taken for granted and, after many references and reproductions, nothing new appears to be worth saying about them. The lettering on the Trajan column falls into this category. The Rev. E. M. Catich has already produced an analysis of every letter in a work entitled *Letters Redrawn from the Trajan Inscription in Rome* (Catich Press, 1961), demonstrating in the process the defects of the well-known cast in the Victoria and Albert Museum.

He has now followed it (in what is designed as the second volume of a trilogy) with an exhaustive inquiry into how these and other noble classical forms were achieved, and the nature of the tools used; the origin of the serif is only the starting-point, and this new book contains what amounts to most detailed instructions on how to make Roman capitals in the Roman manner. A modern practitioner of this "ancient" craft may indeed feel overwhelmed by the detail, and be surprised to be told that the capital letter R, for instance, has no less than thirteen named parts: stem, lobe, tail, arm, mid-arm, head-serif, left foot-serif, right foot-serif, dent, fillet, juncture, counter and inter-space.

In his youth, before joining the church of Rome, Fr. Catich worked as a sign writer in Chicago. His complete mastery of the sign writer's tool, a flexible square cut brush, is beautifully demonstrated throughout this book. His thesis is that the brush alone was responsible for the shape of the letters in Roman inscriptions. The chisel was only used to make permanent what had been first painted on stone. The light and shade effect of the V cut letter was entirely secondary. They had to be painted after as well as before being

cut. He suggests that modern letterers, following Eric Gill, have been cutting too deep for the sake of the shadow. But here the criterion must be that what looks right is right.

Paleographers have known that Roman inscriptions were marked out with colour as a guide to chiselling. Fr. Catich's contribution is to have discovered the full implications of this technique. Starting as a sign writer he has become a letter-cutter and a paleographer; a perhaps unique combination. It has enabled him to feel that he understands the ancient craftsman and to be convinced that the nature of the classical Roman capital letter has been misunderstood for centuries. Enthusiasts at the time of the Renaissance tried to recapture it with geometry. Their diagrams were beautiful but it was a case of putting the cart before the horse. Writers in this century have made more egregious mistakes. Fr. Catich has no difficulty in showing them up by quotations and a devastating reproduction of comparisons with the original Trajan letters. The faulty cast in the Victoria and Albert is not basically to blame for their failure.

Fr. Catich's pursuit of first principles is akin to Edward Johnston's, whose *Writing and Illuminating and the History of the Book* (London: George Allen and Unwin, 1929) has had such a seminal influence since its first publication in 1906. Johnston's course was almost entirely concerned with rejuvenating calligraphy, and he got the young Eric Gill to contribute an appendix on "inscriptions in stone". This appendix is criticized by Fr. Catich. It is interesting therefore to see what Johnston himself wrote about chiselling in the main body of his book.

The fine early inscriptions are supposed to have been first drawn or painted (in outline) and then cut into the stone. The chisel forms were doubtless affected in this way by brush and indirectly by

pen forms, but these were of the simplest: nothing was sketched in that was intended for the chisel to make into a natural and true chisel-form. "The action of the brush or 'pencil' to a certain extent resembles that of the pen, but their effects are really distinct. In contrasting pen-made and brush-made letters, we may observe that a pen form tends to abrupt changes from thin to thick; a brush form to gradation. . . . The pen particularly affects curved strokes . . . generally making them more quick and abrupt than brush curves. The brush will give more graceful and finished but less uniform letters."

Johnston demonstrates his understanding of the brush-made letter with a fine capital O reproduced opposite the above quotation. If he were alive today he would probably have agreed with much of Fr. Catich's thesis and have modified his reference to "chisel form".

However the chisel does play an important secondary part. Fr. Catich carries his argument too far. A specimen of his own cutting (figure 162, *Scriptura Monumentalis*) falls short of his beautiful brush foundation. The effect is too soft and the serifs are not clean and straight across the base, as is shown by a superb Augustan inscription which he illustrates on the opposite page. Even the Trajan letters show a slight falling away from the strict classical canon which Roman architects presumably insisted upon in the first century.

What then should the young letter-cutter do? Monumental inscriptions call for capitals, and it is stupid to ignore what was done in the first and second centuries. We may be heading for a new barbarism, but meanwhile *The Origin of the Serif* should be digested, together with Gill's appendix to *Writing and Illuminating and Lettering*. Gill's work should be sought out and looked at hard—as should that of other living masters, and in America the fine work of the late John Howard Benson and his school.

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HENRI-JEAN MARTIN: *Les Parisiens de la fin du XVIIIe siècle*, 1092pp. Geneva: Droz. 120 Sw. fr. the set.

Dr. Henri-Jean Martin, already known for his major part in the admirable summary history of the first 150 years of European book production, *L'Apprentissage du livre* (1958) has now set himself the task of discovering, through a study of the books printed in seventeenth-century Paris, the interests and preoccupations of their authors and readers; of determining the social spheres both groups belonged to; and of reconstructing the psychological and intellectual outlook of the people who came into contact with the written culture of the period. To this end he has examined and analysed a sample of seventeenth-century Parisian books which contains a fair proportion of all the editions of the period, and he has used a mass of original documents to investigate the structure of the book trade and the attitude of the authorities.

Dr. Martin is an excellent bibliographer, and there can be no doubt about the great and lasting value of the statistical analysis of his sample, or of his detailed investigations into the Parisian book trade and its relationship with those who would control it: these are contributions to knowledge that will be quitted for decades to come. Whether he succeeds in his larger purpose of writing the cultural history of seventeenth-century Paris in terms of its printed literature may be questioned. This is, in a sense, a French *book and Readers*, yet for all its great scholarship it lacks the coherence and succinct clarity of H. S. Bennett's classic. But perhaps the task was an impossible one: imagine trying to reconstruct the psychological and intellectual outlook of all those who came into contact with the output of the London press from 1598 to 1701.

However, this must not divert us from the importance of Dr. Martin's work. His first problem was to find out just what books were printed and published in Paris in the seventeenth century. He had no STC or Wing to help him, and he soon discovered that bibliographies and booksellers' catalogues, both early and late, were too selectively incomplete to serve as an index. This left him with library catalogues, primarily with that of the Bibliothèque Nationale; and he was able to conclude that, although it would not be feasible to cover every scrap of printing that emanated from Paris during his period (which probably totalled some 60,000 items), the published catalogue of the B.N. from "A" to "Tisonnière" offered a sample of about 17,500 substantial publications which fairly represented the output of the Parisian press during the seventeenth century. Sections of the sample were checked by

comparing them with the holdings of libraries and with contemporary bibliographies; they were found to be comprehensive; they covered each case some 75 per cent of the possible real total of editions; and unacceptable bias.

Dr. Martin then set a sample, and his presentation results in thirty-five pages of charts which are strikingly informative. We can easily follow the progress of publishing in languages, the books were written, who wrote them, and on the man who spins the web, writing that this or that requires a tenth part of the beginning and end of a detailed and categorized list. For trout fishing he has been a boon to impetuous people. He gives sound advice of great value as to how to fish. There is a useful chapter on good manners and common sense. References to the fisherman as a "rodsman" thought, such as Paul Hazard, *La conscience européenne*, of which Dr. Martin acknowledges.

The central section of the book is chiefly addressed to the beginner in salmon and trout fishing, whom he seeks to instruct in the least expensive way. On the man who spins the web, writing that this or that requires a tenth part of the beginning and end of a detailed and categorized list. For trout fishing he has been a boon to impetuous people. He gives sound advice of great value as to how to fish. There is a useful chapter on good manners and common sense. References to the fisherman as a "rodsman" thought, such as Paul Hazard, *La conscience européenne*, of which Dr. Martin acknowledges.

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Dr. Williams is a strong supporter of the idea of a new generation of writers, and this album gives the selection of his paintings of lions, rhinos and other remarkable African animals, which were exhibited with success in New York and Johannesburg, and are well reproduced in this album. The field of photography, and Mr. Williams is no exception; but he is a sense of drama and, as Mr. Nigel Stowell's introduction: "hol. . . thorns and bush of light."

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collection of Mondrian's to be seen anywhere, one would expect him to have much of interest to say; but apart from expressing a distaste for much of Mondrian's early work, he says much less than most of his predecessors in the field. Pictures are very briefly and monotonously described, but never interpreted; and the author makes no attempt to elucidate his statement at the beginning of his text that the basis of Mondrian's painting was "his belief in the relation between mind and matter". The reader who feels himself entitled to more assistance will be told by the author "to take a quiet look at Mondrian's pictures again and again" because he has discovered from personal experience that "people who can do this usually manage to find their way into Mondrian's world". The volume contains 130 illustrations, of which twenty-eight are in colour.

**Astronautics**  
ANDERSON, PAUL. *The Infinite Voyage*, 160pp. Collier-Macmillan. 21s.

Paul Anderson is perhaps better known as a writer of science fiction, but in this newly published book he discusses in more serious vein the future of man's exploration of space. Although he gives an explanation of the principles of rocketry and of manned space-flight, most of the book is devoted to highly speculative ideas about life on the moon and planets, and what man may expect to find there and in the more distant universe. A book of this kind must be up to date, and it is a little disconcerting to read that "if all continues to go this well, then perhaps as early as 1969 three men will be on their way to the moon". Clearly the book was written some time ago, since there is no mention of the last seven Apollo missions or of recent probes to Mars and Venus. This slim volume has nothing new to offer; indeed, it has all been said before, in more detail and with more appropriate illustrations.

**Drama**  
LAWRENCE, D. H. *Three Plays*, 199pp. Penguin. 5s.

Not long ago Lawrence was all but unknown as a playwright. Now the plays come out over and again; this little volume contains *The Widowing of Mrs. Holroyd*, *A Collier's Friday Night* and *The Daughter-in-Law*, all coming from the time when he was first working out his relation to the themes which preoccupied his creative life. All, as Raymond Williams says in his introduction, show Lawrence's wonderfully alert observation of ordinary experience at moments of crisis; all are related closely to his fiction of this and a slightly later period, and the first two perhaps suffer in comparison. But *The Daughter-in-Law* is an extremely fine, moving play. If Dr. Williams is right in saying that what Lawrence tried to do was what a new generation of writers has tried to do in the past 150 years, Lawrence in this play at least has perhaps done it better than any of them.

**Mythology**  
DAVIDSON, H. R. ELLIS. *Scandinavian Mythology*, 141pp. Paul Hamlyn. 25s.

Mrs. Davidson's new book is a compact and helpful account of the mythology of pagan Scandinavia in pre-Viking and Viking times, so far as this can be pieced together from the literary and archaeological sources. It begins with the megalithic tombs and ends with the conversions of the Norse homelands and colonies to Christianity. In between it discusses the gods and their characteristics, other deities and supernatural creatures, animate and inanimate cult objects, and the northern mythological cosmology. The volume is generously illustrated with twenty-five pages of colour plates and about a hundred well-chosen black-and-white photographs, and is an excellent introduction to a subject that is still less than fully charted.

**Natural History**  
BACKHOUSE, K. M. *Seals*, 96pp. GUOGBERG, C. A. W. *Giraffes*, 96pp. Arthur Barker. 21s. each.

Dr. Backhouse has been studying seals in general and the grey seal in particular for the past fifteen years and four of the seven chapters in this book are devoted to these attractive natives of our coast—in fact the main world population of grey seals is concentrated on Britain. The author does not try to gloss over the problems that the seal presents to the fishing industry, nor is he sentimental about them, although it is difficult not to be after studying the attractive photographs that illustrate the book. Giraffes arouse quite a different kind of emotion in us, and in this comprehensive study by C. A. W. Guogberg one is soon caught up in the author's fascination. It is not difficult to believe that at one point in history giraffes were held in some awe, along with dragons and unicorns, so puzzling were they to the beholder, but thanks to the co-operation of the giraffe is today in no sense a legendary figure, and large colonies of one variety or another

**Geology**  
THORARINSSON, SIGURDUR. *Surtsey: The New Island in the North Atlantic*, 47pp. 54 plates. Cassell. 25s.

Professor Thorarinnsson, a distinguished volcanologist and geologist, has described the volcanic belt running across Iceland, which covers one third of the country. Many eruptions have taken place in an area which is not confined to the existing coastline but continues north and south-west of the island as a major fissured Tertiary volcanic ridge running from the Atlantic to the other end of the island. The book is a masterpiece of photography, and Mr. Thorarinnsson is no exception; but he is a sense of drama and, as Mr. Nigel Stowell's introduction: "hol. . . thorns and bush of light."

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and is illustrated by maps, diagrams and colour plates of outstanding quality.

**Literature and Criticism**  
NURSE, PETER H. (Editor). *The Art of Criticism*, Essays in French literary analysis, 317pp. Edinburgh University Press. £2.

The art exemplified is not that of criticism in general but of the *explication de texte*—that worthy but often mechanical exercise in the dissection of what the author actually wrote. Mr. Nurse has collected twenty-two *explications* from British and American university teachers of French literature, and the writers explicated go from Ronsard to Camus. The most valuable contributions are the more formal ones, where there is constant reference to the chosen text. This being so, the publishers should perhaps have looked for a format that would avoid the reader having constantly to turn back to the text to pick up each reference; a pull-out sheet perhaps? In his too ambitious introduction Mr. Nurse justifies the *explication de texte* as an escape from the criticism which relies on a priori generalizations; yet when, as here, the exercise is carried out by learned academics the a priori convictions are only too apparent.

**Philosophy**  
PHELPS, GILBERT (Editor). *Question and Response*, 170pp. Cambridge University Press. 17s.

*Question and Response* is a useful school's anthology of fifty-seven English and American poems, arranged in "ascending order of difficulty" and each accompanied by a fairly detailed list of questions. The choice of poems is sound but not particularly ranging from Anonymous to Robert Lowell, and the questions are neither mechanical nor patronizing. Indeed, they are sometimes acute enough to challenge "expert" responses. Mr. Phelps has done his own homework, and though his introduction could hardly be more tentative and modest—his little book should help many others to do theirs.

**Photography**  
BAILEY, DAVID and EVANS, PETER. *Goodbye Baby and Amen*, 240pp. Conde Nast Publications in association with Collins. £4 15s.

The purpose of this large volume is as hard to fathom as the values on which it is based. Encased in a repulsive jacket depicting a nubile angel on a pedestal mysteriously inscribed "A Saraband of the Sixties", it is presumably meant to be a neophilic memorial to London's Swinging Sixties. Some of the subjects are highly talented; others are merely notorious. Some of the portraits have brief biographies attached to them; others, for unexplained reasons, have not. Two or three of the photographs are beautiful; most are grotesque.

At least this should be a collector's item a hundred years from now, if only as a contribution to the social history of a decade of economic, and hence cultural, confusion. In the words of the introduction, "the rules of the game were a glorious amalgam of fatalism and farce and anarchical ambition", when the new celebrities, "narcissistic, ruthless, often talented, and malignantly ambitious, were the butterflies born to be broken on the racing wheel of fashion". Then why include in the cast of characters so many artists who will be as good, if not better, at their jobs in the 1970s as in the 1960s: Vanessa Redgrave, Jeanne

Moreau, Donald Pleasence, Ravi Shankar, Rudolf Nureyev, Cecil Beaton, Bill Brandt, Federico Fellini, to name a few whose genuine and pleasure-giving gifts do not depend on meretricious fashion or the support of greedy publicity men? Why include others who are apparently too ephemeral even to be granted the dignity of a name? Or has the point been missed? Who can tell?

**Parapsychology**  
HOLZER, HANS. *ESP and You*, 216pp. Leslie Frewin. 30s.

It would be hard to find a better model of authoritative inaccuracy than this book. Mr. Holzer makes no distinction between consciousness and energy and declares that human personality "is an electro-magnetic field". He implies that the electroencephalograph records "thought waves"—whereas it in fact traces brain rhythms that can be correlated with general states of mind; and he states that experiments with a Faraday cage showed "psychic talents" to be "electric in character". Such experiments have repeatedly proved the exact opposite. Dr. L. L. Vasiliev (who is certainly not, as Mr. Holzer says, "head of the Leningrad Parapsychology Laboratory" unless he commutes from the Elysian Fields) accepted this, and was working at the time of his death on the hypothesis that telepathic messages were transmitted by some form of energy as yet unknown.

And so on. Mr. Holzer's book ends with a plea that schools and universities should "teach young people *The Art of Proper Thinking*". Here, at all events, the reader can agree wholeheartedly, adding "and a regard for objective fact".

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## Music in archive

MADELINE JURGENS (Editor). *Documents du Minutier central concernant l'histoire de la musique (1600-1850)*. Volume 1. 1053pp. Paris: S.E.V.P.E.N. £8 18s.

At some time in the foreseeable future it should be possible for all the main public libraries and universities to share by means of microfilms, facsimile reprints and modern editions the bulk of the historical documents, both in manuscript and in print, which have long given the national libraries and archives their pride and identity. By publishing the results of a systematic classification of the surviving handwritten entries of notaries active at Paris in the past, the present series represents another step in this direction. The idea of collating the material deposited at the Archives Nationales since 1932 according to the various disciplines, and of printing the results, was originally suggested by Jacques Montiel, curator of the Minutier Central. The project has been undertaken by the Archives de France with the collaboration of the Centre National de la Recherche Scientifique. This first essay in the musical field covers the first half of the seventeenth century and follows in the wake of a similar study of the documents relating to the literary history of the second half of the same century, which appeared in 1960. Some of the material, reproduced here in the form of complete entries or substantial extracts, has been consulted and referred to by earlier musicologists and historians but only from limited viewpoints (such as the biographical informa-

tion relating to individuals); presented now as a comprehensive corpus, this mass of information reveals just how frequently the professional musician had recourse to the notary. The work is interesting as a sociological study providing an insight into the musician's status, the conditions of his employment, his financial problems and attitudes as well as his day-to-day activities.

Such a conglomeration of information is of course difficult to organize in a form satisfactory for every reader: here it is divided into five main parts devoted to court musicians, town musicians, instrument makers, music printers and the inventories of music books and instruments in the possession of amateurs, followed by a comprehensive index. The longest section is the second which illuminates the popular music of the day and concerns the numerous members of the professional guild, the "Confrérie Saint-Jacques-des-Ménestriers", which enjoyed a virtual monopoly for providing the music for weddings, banquets, masquerades, *balades* and other festivities, and whose best players aspired to become members of the royal band. The terms of their apprenticeships, associations and engagements are outlined in detail. The musical taste of the Parisian bourgeoisie is also reflected in the private collections of music and instruments listed in the final section: most of the music, sacred and secular, inventoried here is by an earlier generation of composers, notably Lussus and Claudin le Jeune, whilst the Italian indragalists, especially da Rore and Montezio, are also well represented. The

lute was clearly the most popular instrument—fifty-seven are listed, along with fifty-five spinets, twenty-three viols and fourteen violins. The only wind instruments represented are one *cornemuse* (bagpipe) and one sackbut; the absence of flutes and recorders is bizarre. In contrast to contemporary English collections, no whole chests of viols, flutes, shawms or cornets are mentioned, although it is evident from the professionals' contracts that the guild musicians played in string ensembles of as many as five parts (*dessus, haute contre, tulle, basse and cinquième de violon*) and generally doubled on wind instruments (*cornets and hautbois*).

The period 1600-1650 is not perhaps the most momentous in the history of French music and suffers in comparison to Jacobean England or the Venice of Gabrieli, Monteverdi and Civali. The monodic experiments of Guedron and Boeset in the *air* and *ballade de cour* were less significant and successful than their Italian counterparts: the grandiose polyphonic motets and masses of Du Caurroy and Formé remain conservative and do not rival those of Byrd and Gibbons, while the lutenist Besard was no heard today and the composers are generally unfamiliar names in history; yet the epoch is of considerable importance in the formation of the operatic style of Lully and the keyboard style of the Couperins. This book provides a source of detailed information and opens several paths for future study in a hitherto neglected field.

## Information, please

"Electronics": any record of this word being used prior to 1920



